

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVE-POWERS."

VOL. I.

SALEM O., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1845.

NO. 16

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Published every Friday at

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., O.

JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.

BENJAMIN S. JONES,
J. ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK, Editors.

All remittances to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum, or \$2.00 if not paid within six months of the time of subscribing. ADVERTISEMENTS making less than a square inserted three times for 75 cents;—one square \$1.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:—Sam'l Brooke, George Garretson, James Barnaby, Jr., David L. Galbreath, Lot Holmes.

J. H. PAINTER, PRINTER.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

At a meeting of Friends composed principally of members of the Western Quarterly Meeting, but embracing a number from Calm and other quarters, met in conference at Marlboro, on 7th day, the 18th inst., the following address, which had been produced by a committee to a previous meeting, was, after protracted discussion, adopted and ordered to be printed in pamphlet form, for extensive distribution.

To the Members of the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

In view of the position now occupied by the Society of Friends towards slavery, and other crying sins of the times, we have been led seriously to consider what course of action it is our duty to adopt, in reference thereto. We have several times met in a general conference, embracing Friends of every station in society, and of great diversity of view in relation to the precise course of action, consistency and duty require to be pursued, and have come to the conclusion that toward the most sublime moral movements of the age, the anti-slavery and other reforms, the Society of Friends is either positively hostile or culpably indifferent. We have, therefore, after mature deliberation, with much unanimity, agreed to address you. We would that we could utter a voice that might be heard as widely as the extent of the evils which we deplore. We would that we might speak in tones which should reach not only the ears but the understandings and consciences of our quiet-loving people and arouse to Christian activity all those who are now resting in the harness of sect, waiting, as it would seem, for a sign from heaven to teach them that it is right to relieve suffering and rebuke oppression and wrong, by silently witnessing guilt to give it sanction and support. Need we multiply words to prove the character of the society? Are not all familiar with its inaction on the side of truth, if not with its less passive adherence to error, which have won for it the sympathy and approval of the oppressor? Who is not acquainted with the proceedings of the New York monthly meeting, sanctioned by the quarterly and yearly meetings of that place, in the disavowment of the venerable Hopper and others, solely on account of their anti-slavery character and deed? And has one meeting in unity and correspondence with New York ever uttered a word of disapproval and remonstrance? Not one.

A response, in like spirit and feeling, has been sent back from Indiana, in the arbitrary laying down of Green Plain Quarterly Meeting a measure which, from the manner in which it was conducted, cannot be understood as having any other object than that of overruling its anti-slavery members, which were comparatively numerous. And following this we find a few individuals who seceded from Green Plains monthly meeting, and assumed its name, issuing a paper of disavowment against Joseph A. Dugdale, for action wholly of an anti-slavery character. He comes to Philadelphia yearly meeting, in obedience to what he believes to be a call of duty, bringing with him, according to the usual order, a certificate from the monthly meeting, of which he is a member, but the small party of seceders, that professed to have disowned him, forwards an account of its doings to Philadelphia, and his certificate is rejected. True he was allowed to sit in the yearly meeting, but it was evidently a mockery, yielded for the sake of peace, and not acknowledged as a sign. The rejection of the certificate was all that the opposers of anti-slavery required. It was all that was necessary to countenance the body issuing the disavowment; it was a snail of approval upon the doings in New York. Besides these glaring outrages committed by the most influential divisions of the society, there are countless other movements of like tendency. Such was the hasty dismissal of a committee which was, some years since, appointed in Philadelphia, for the purpose of investigating the subject of slavery; the smothering of almost every attempt at efficient anti-slavery action; a process better understood by those who witness it than described by those who do not. The placing the doors of almost every meeting-house in the country against anti-slavery meetings, which of itself speaks a language

which causes the hunted fugitive to faint, humanity to sicken, and the oppressor to triumph. The riotous proceedings to suppress the right of speech, when attempted to be exercised in behalf of suffering humanity, by a worthy and self-sacrificing representative of the slave, and advocate of his cause; and in several instances the forcible ejection of the same individual from our meeting-houses, and this conduct not only tolerated and connived at, but openly advocated by our ministers and those occupying high stations in the society, and all upon the insufficient plea that he was not a member; a plea which savors deeply of hypocrisy and falsehood; for it is well known, that in our public meetings persons not members have very often been allowed to speak, when they considered it their duty so to do. No official voice has, to our knowledge, ever been raised against this proscriptive course. Time was when it was not so; when the oppressed of all climes turned for sympathy and aid to the Society of Friends. It did not then love its peculiar forms and ceremonies better than humanity. It did not then overlook the calls of the present, in all-absorbing admiration of the past. Far different was its character then, when, in advance of the world of the age, it made it a disownable offence to hold property in slaves. Now, when increased light calls for advance, the Society refuses to move onward; pointing to the ground which it assumed years ago, as its fixed position, it prides itself upon occupying no sliding platform, forgetful that progress is a law of nature, and that what does not advance is essentially retrograding. It seems to be the language of many, "Have we not Fox, Penn, and Woolman for our fathers, and shall we not be saved?"

In view of these things, it is not surprising that conscientious individuals in different parts of the country, looking as they do upon the society as professing a Christian church, and unwilling to endow its character as such, thereby holding up a false light and proclaiming themselves hypocrites to the world, have left and are still leaving it. And if we might not remain in an associated capacity, without being controlled by any decision of the majority which conflicts with our individual sense of right, we should feel bound to follow their example, but having the right, and certainly meaning to exercise it, of publicly protesting against any measure which may call for such a course, and denying its character and repudiating its authority as a Christian church, many of us think we may, without incurring undue responsibility, or being made partakers of other men's sins, retain our rights as members, uniting when we can, dissenting when we must, and at all times refusing to give position to anti-slavery and every other reform to be encountered in the world, is the natural result of that almost inevitable growth of time-honored sectarian institutions, that indescribable, intangible, yet more potent influence for evil, that blind reverence for sect and all that pertains to it, that idol-worship which leads to the belief that man was made for the church, rather than the church for man; and perceiving the close approximation of the Society of Friends, in several particulars, to the popular sectarian church organizations of the day, we cannot but feel the necessity of waging perpetual war against not only a narrow, bigoted, sectarian spirit in all its ghostly manifestations, but against whatever forms and usages of our Society only tend to foster it. To pursue this course, or at once to declare our disunion with the society, seems to be incumbent on us. We feel that it is sinful by continued silence to sanction its evil influence; we must therefore speak out as we have never yet spoken, and fail not to press the cause of the slave upon unwilling ears, until the people's hearts are moved, or we expelled from the body. The former, in view of the prejudices we have to encounter, seems to be a forlorn hope; but if the latter should be the result of our labors, which, judging the future from the past, we have reason to expect, then will the society stand confessed in its true light, then will it wear its own colors, and the world shall not longer be deceived by a show of the standard of truth, while all beneath is corruption and rottenness. We must not, cannot remain co-workers in evil, by giving silent countenance and support to an influence so dangerous as that which now claims our consideration.

Signed by direction, and on behalf of the Conference.

SIMON BARNARD, } Clerks.
SARAH COATES, }
MARLBORO, 10th mo. 18th, 1845.

A MILITIA CAPTAIN IN A FIX.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the citizens of this goodly city are not so immersed in the cares of money-making, that they deny themselves that privilege which is esteemed so valuable in other sections of the republic. They find time to be patriotic even in New-York. That glorious proof of the sovereignty of the people, the "Fall training," is not yet obsolete among us. In all our public squares during the last week in September, our citizen-soldiers, armed with muskets or broom-sticks, learn the art of war, under the command of a brave captain in motley, to the admiration of a crowd of ragged newbys and other irreverent spectators.

Our friend Thomas Van Rensselaer, a colored man, received a notice to attend one of these glorious gatherings. Of course it was a mistake, as the citizens of his color are excluded by the philanthropy of our laws from doing any of this sort of service. In cases of

actual necessity the State will permit them to enjoy the privilege of being shot, but can in no wise put them to the inconvenience of any previous preparation. But Thomas Van Rensselaer, ever ready to obey the call of his country, borrowed bayonet and belt, musket and cartridge-box, and armed and equipped as the law directs, appeared at the appointed hour on the Battery.

In bearing and equipment he was as tall and as good-looking a grenadier as one would wish to see, and he took his position accordingly in the front rank with his fellow soldiers. There was a movement in the ranks, and the crowd around them—that just perceptible rustle, rather felt than seen, which denotes in an assembly that something unusual and interesting has happened—when he made his appearance. It was doubtless an involuntary acknowledgment of the honor which one exempt from the toils and the glories alike of military life, had done them by thus promptly signifying his willingness to share in their perils. But the captain, mindful of the humanity of our just laws, and unwilling to impose upon the new recruit the duty of serving his country when there was little probability of his gaining the honor of a bullet or a bayonet through him, which under other circumstances he would be willing to bestow, buckoned him aside.

"Did you receive a warning to train?" asked the captain.

"Yes, Sir," replied Van Rensselaer, giving his name and residence.

"Ah! yes," said the other, "I remember.—But there is some mistake."

"None at all, Sir; I have the notice in my pocket."

"Hem! yes. But you are not obliged to train."

"Oh! I know that Sir; but I am a good citizen and am willing to serve the State in any capacity."

"Oh! no doubt, no doubt. But—but—the fact is, the laws do not oblige colored men to do military duty."

"Very true, Sir; but is there any law against it?"

"No—not ex-a-c-t-l-y. But—"

"Very well, Sir, I choose to train. I have received your notice, and here I am all ready for service. The law doesn't oblige me to train,—neither does it prohibit me. I prefer to do it."

"Yes, I see, I see. But I will excuse you."

"I don't want to be excused, Sir."

"Well, I had rather excuse you."

"You are very kind; but I haven't the slightest objection to training. It won't take us a great while, will it, Sir?"

"Oh! it will take us an hour or so."

"Well, Sir, I'll train. I can spare the time."

"But I don't want you to."

"But I had rather."

"Well, I insist."

"That I must not!"

"Yes."

"You won't let me!"

"No."

So private Van Rensselaer having carried his point, of being denied the privilege of making a fool of himself according to statute, because he was colored, shouldered his musket and gave his unwilling commander a military salute, and marched off the field with the honors of war. The redoubtable captain relieved his bosom by a heavy sigh of his pent-up emotion, and as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, thanked God that he was relieved from the most dangerous foe that in all his military experience he had ever encountered.

I have related the occurrence, as nearly as I can recollect, precisely as it occurred. In justice to Mr. Van Rensselaer, I should add, lest the case be misunderstood, that his only motive was to test the strength of the prejudice against color.—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

From the Liberator.

Letter from Frederick Douglass.

DUBLIN, (Great Brunswick Street,) September 29th, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

I promised, on leaving America, to keep you informed of my proceedings whilst I remained abroad. I sometimes feel I shall be compelled to break my promise, if by keeping it is meant writing letters to you fit for publication. You know one of my objects in coming here was to get a little repose, that I might return home refreshed and strengthened, ready and able to join you vigorously in the prosecution of our holy cause. But, really, if the labor of the last two weeks be a fair sample of what awaits me, I have certainly sought repose in the wrong place. I have worked enough here, on the spot, to occupy every inch of my time, and every particle of my strength, were I to stay in this city a whole six months. The cause of temperance alone would afford work enough to occupy every inch of my time. I have invitation after invitation to address temperance meetings, which I am compelled to decline. How different here, from my treatment at home! In this country, I am welcomed to the temperance platform, side by side with white speakers, and am received as kindly and warmly as though my skin were white.

I have but just returned from a great Repeal meeting, held at Conciliation Hall. It was a very large meeting—much larger than usual. I was told, on account of the presence of Mr. O'Connell, who has just returned from his residence at Derrynane, where he has been spending the summer, recruiting for an energetic agitation of repeal during the present autumn. On approaching

the door, or gateway leading to the Hall, I almost despaired of getting in; but having by the kindness of James Haughton, Esq., obtained a note of introduction to the Secretary of the Repeal Association, and being encouraged to persevere by the evident disposition of the friendly crowd to let me pass,—many of whom seemed to be holding in their breath, and thus contracting their dimensions, to allow me passage way,—I pressed forward, and with much difficulty succeeded in reaching the interior. The meeting had been in progress for sometime before I got in. When I entered, one after another was announcing the Repeal rent for the week. The audience appeared to be in deep sympathy with the Repeal movement, and the announcement of every considerable contribution was followed by a hearty round of applause, and sometimes a vote of thanks was taken for the donors. At the close of a speech of about an hour and a quarter, delivered, powerful in its logic, majestic in its rhetoric, biting in its sarcasm, melting in its pathos, and burning in its rebuke. Upon the subject of slavery in general, and American slavery in particular, Mr. O'Connell grew warm and energetic, defending his course on this subject. He said, with an earnestness which I shall never forget, "I have been assailed for attacking the American institution, as it is called,—negro slavery. I am not ashamed of that attack. I do not shrink from it. I am the advocate of civil and religious liberty, all over the globe, and wherever tyranny exists, I am the foe of the tyrant; wherever oppression shows itself, I am the foe of the oppressor; wherever slavery rears its head, I am the enemy of the system, or the institution, call it by what name you will. I am the friend of liberty in every clime, class and color. My sympathy with distress is not confined within the narrow bounds of my own green island. No—it extends itself to every corner of the earth. My heart walks abroad, and wherever the miserable are to be succored, or the slave to be set free, there my spirit is at home, and I delight to dwell."

Mr. O'Connell was in his happiest mood while delivering this speech. The fire of freedom was burning in his mighty heart. He had but to open his mouth, to put us in possession of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." I have heard many speakers within the last four years—speakers of the first order; but I confess, I have never heard one, by whom I was more completely captivated than by Mr. O'Connell. I used to wonder how such monster meetings as those of Repeal could be held peaceably. It is now no matter of astonishment at all. It seems to me that the voice of O'Connell is enough to calm the most violent passion, even though it were already manifesting itself in a mob. There is a sweet persuasiveness in it, beyond any voice I ever heard. His power over an audience is perfect.

When he had taken his seat, a number withdrew from the Hall, and taking advantage of the space left vacant thereby, I got quite near the platform, for no higher object than that of obtaining a favorable view of the Liberator. But almost as soon as I did so, friend Buffum had by some means (I know not what) obtained an introduction to Mr. John O'Connell, and nothing would do but I must be introduced also—an honor for which I was quite unprepared, and one from which I naturally shrunk. But Buffum, in real Yankee style, had resolved (to use a Yankee term) to "put me through" at all hazards. O'Connell introduced to Mr. O'Connell, an opportunity was afforded me to speak; although I scarce knew what to say, I managed to say something, which was quite well received.

The Hutchinson family have been here a week or more, and have attended two of my lectures on slavery; and here, as at home, did much by their soul-stirring songs to render the meetings interesting.

My Narrative is just published, and I have sold one hundred copies in this city. Our work goes on nobly. James and myself leave here for Wexford on Monday next.—We shall probably hold two meetings there, and from thence go to Waterford, and then to Cork, where we shall spend a week or ten days. I have also engagements in Belfast, which will detain me in Ireland all of one month longer.

Much love to my anti-slavery friends.

Ever one with you, through good and evil report,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

From Richard D. Webb.

DUBLIN, 2d of 10th mo., 1845.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

Frederick Douglass delivered his last lecture—at least, the last during his present visit to Dublin—yesterday evening, to a large and respectable audience in the Music Hall. He has been well received by all classes since he came to Dublin, and has had numerous invitations to the tables of many excellent people. His visit has occasioned deep interest in the anti-slavery cause, and many who never thought that it is one which it is a sin to neglect. Some of his true and guarded statements respecting the American Methodists gave great offence to Methodist here; but when they learned that he was not attacking Methodists, but Slavery—not their peculiar tenets, but the sum of all villainies—many of them ceased their hostility, and have

shown themselves friendly; not however before by their complaints and remonstrances and threats of noisy replies to F. D., they had frightened Friends into closing the doors of their meeting houses against him. Our Society here, as well as in America, are timid people, loving to be thought much of by the community, and seeking to dwell in the quiet. Their instincts are all as far as possible different from the strong tendencies of George Fox and his stern and unflinching contemporaries and coadjutors. The general impression F. D. has made has been highly favorable, both to himself and to his race, by the mother's side. I have no doubt that he will make his way readily through the country, aided by the kindness and sympathy of his truly noble-hearted friend, James N. Buffum, of whose many excellent qualities I can hardly trust myself to write in the terms of respect and regard which I feel for him. I have never known a man in whom, on so short an acquaintance, I have felt such confidence. Frederick goes from hence to Wexford; then to Waterford and Cork, and perhaps to Limerick. Having thus visited the principal towns in the South of Ireland, he will return to Dublin, on his way to Belfast, the capital of Ulster. He has been invited thither. He will then pass over, most probably to Glasgow, visit Scotland, and then into England. Elizabeth Pease has written to welcome him, and I have had letters from Harriet Martineau, William Boulton of Birmingham, William James of Bristol, and other friends of the cause, respecting him. I have printed an edition of 2000 copies of his Narrative, and 100 are already sold in a few days.

The Hutchinsons are here. They are a delightful troop. They have sung the first songs ever sung at an anti-slavery meeting in Dublin. They have a glorious gift; and nobly they employ it for the good of humanity. The style of singing is so different from the scientific and artificial style so much in vogue here, that I cannot give an opinion as to their probable success. But this I know, that I have heard them several times in public, and that great delight was manifested by the audience. For their own sake, as well as for the cause of temperance and anti-slavery, I wish them success. They have been greatly noticed in private circles, and I believe are fully satisfied with the reception they met with from their Dublin friends.

I think anti-slavery in Dublin has received a great impulse from F. D.'s lectures, and am in hopes that this will be shown on the part of some, at least, by deeds, and not by words and professions and resolutions only. Henry C. Wright is writing away like a Trojan in Scotland, and is making Frederick's way smooth before him amongst the intelligent and enlightened people of that country.

Thine very truly,

R. D. WEBB.

REFORM.

BY WENDELL PHILIPS.

Let no one who looks for fame join us.—Let him wait rather, and be one of that crowd which will flock like doves to our windows, the moment the first gleam of success shall guide them. Our work is only to throw up, ourselves unseen, the pathway over which, unheeding, the triumphant majority are to pass, shouting the names of laud and gaudier leaders as their watch-words.

How few have ever heard of Zachary Macaulay,—the counsellor to whom Wilberforce looked up,—one who rose before the sun to give every hour to the slave, and died at last that glorious poor man, which the creditor of humanity always is. But thousands echo the easier earned fame of his son!

How few know any thing of that little committee of Quakers, who labored unseen, in Lombard street, that Wilberforce and Clarkson might be strong in the eyes of the great British people,—grappled unheeded with the great British heart, and enlisted finally in the cause of Africa; but went down most of them, to their graves forgotten, while the gallant ship which they had launched so painfully,—baptized with a new name, and bannered with a new flag, anchored in the safe harbor of a nation's welcome.

"We may regret," says the Edinburgh Review, "that those who sowed should not be allowed to reap, but such is the ordinary course of events. By separating success from merit, by imposing on one set of men the sacrifice and the labor, and giving to another the credit of the result, Providence seems to tell us that higher motives than any man can offer, ought to actuate those who assume the responsibility of Government."

In the place of "Government," put "Reform," and the sentiment is still more applicable to a cause like ours. "And grant," says old Fuller, "that God honors them not to build his temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest, with David, provide metal and materials for Solomon, thy successor, to build it with."

Some reluct at the long time requisite to change the institutions of a nation, or regenerate its public sentiment. But here too, a moment's thought shows us, how wise in this respect is the order of Providence. The progress of a great reform is a nation's school. It creates as it advances, the moral principle, the individual independence, the habit of private judgment, the enlightened public opinion, which are necessary for its own success; and thus, by new moulding the national character and elevating its tone of morals, it confers far other and greater benefits than its originators at first proposed. And further, it naturally opens the eye to kindred abuses, or growing itself out of a wrong principle, which has other results besides this immediate one.